

243 i 26.

EMMA CORBETT

The Third Edition

VOL. II

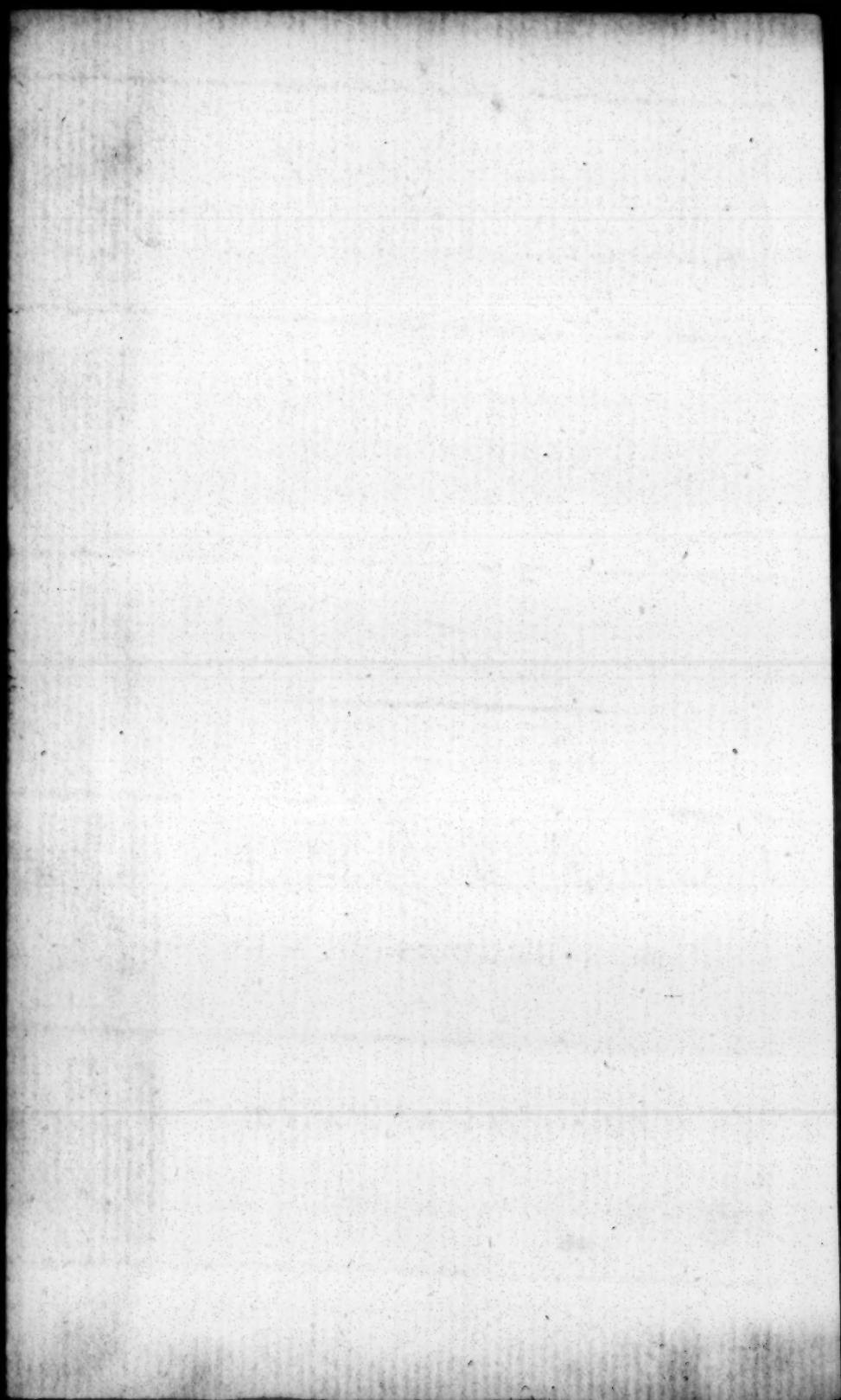


Printed for R. BALDWIN Pater Noster Row

AND

CLINCH and PRATT

B. N. C. M.



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S. O. D. O. R.

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EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER LIII.

TO MRS. ARNOLD.

BY a line just received from Louisa I am interdicted at present from writing to her, and the sentiments which now oppress me are indeed, on *all* accounts, improper to offer a mind pierced by so similar a sorrow. Yet, to restrain the whole dreadful weight in my own bosom would surely kill me. Do *you* then, O my dear cousin, my worthy Caroline, do *you* assist me.

VOL. II.

B

—Tell

—Tell me, I conjure you, where the feeling heart shall find a sanctuary? Tell me, what foliage is thick and impenetrable enough to repel that terror which assails an unhappy woman, when the object of every hope and every fear is determined upon dangers the most complicated and decisive? Henry, your *favourite* Henry, is gone, you know, to defend his country, to signalize his bravery, and to serve his King. I admit the propriety of the enterprize, according to the laws of *honour*, but I weep at the extremity of its horror when tried by the laws of *feeling* and *humanity*.

The glowing arguments of that dear departed, I did not dare to oppose. I
faintly

faintly breathed the female resistance. I feared, lest my affection might seem to be selfish, by contesting the point of separation. I violated the softness of my sex, and the tenderness of my nature, to restrain the flowing tide that rose in billows to my heart, which laboured with the agony of suppression. His being this moment upon the sea, eager to gain the seats of hostility, is a proof it! Perhaps, I might have seduced him from this adventure, since humanity and love (oh, how opposite from ravage and war!) are the principles which shine the brightest in the spotless history of Henry's youth. But I dreaded the after operations of inexorable honour,

B 2

which

which might detest the trembling hand that saved it from the sword.

Yet *now*, my Caroline, *now* that he is far removed from the voice of my complainings, and can no longer be disarmed by their sweet impression, suffer, oh suffer me to mourn—suffer me to execrate that wanton and insatiable *power*, which scatters desolation o'er the land! Ah this dire *dæmon* of *battle*!—this *dæmon*, who, with giant footsteps, tramples upon the best and most beautiful affections of the soul—who delights to hear the wail of the wounded, and the groans of the expiring—whose vessels fail upon a sea of tears, and are wafted by sighs which are extorted from the tender bosom.

I see,

I see, I see the sanguinary power. He shoots athwart the realms of affrighted fancy, in a robe of crimson ten times dyed in the blood of his votaries. The soft verdure of the spring withers as he advances. The streams of plenty, which fertilized a happy world, stand checked in their progress, or roll onward a bed of troubled waters. Behold where the ruthless monarch approaches. The bounties and the beauties of nature fall before him.— Territories are torn up by the roots, and empires mingle in the common ravage. Behold, chained to his triumphal car; fear, despair, and all the family of pain; while the lover, the friend, the father, the widow, the orphan, and all the virtues, bleed in

the procession.—Dreadful, dreadful retinue! And all for what?—for what, my Caroline? Wherefore is the peace of the world thus to be destroyed? Wherefore is man to raise his hand against the life of man, and deliberate murder to be entitled to applause?

Hear, O humanity, the reply, and be *still*, if thou canst! The rulers of different realms, in the wanton exertion of power, infringe upon what is falsely called the property of each other. Men, who are utter strangers to the very persons of one another, and are separated, perhaps, by partitions of a thousand leagues, quarrel for a few vile acres of the dirt which
shall

shall presently cover the toiling race; and the lives of a people are devoted to the sword. Earth itself, wide as is extended her beautiful domain, is not *enough* extensive for these pigmy mortals to divide amongst themselves; nor are the natural miseries of a very short life, with all its moral, all its civil, all its social evils, sufficient, without the aids of untimely and *voluntary* slaughter. The hurry of the scene, the din of the battle, and that political music which drowns the cry of distress, may *pass over* these sentiments, and humanity will not have time to hear, nor to be heard. But in the quieter moment, when the *gentle* power revisits the bosom, and resumes the lovely throne from whence she has been driven, oh
how

how impious, and how contemptible, will appear those bickerings, which terminate in the effusion of human blood ! And could these heroes enter coolly into the *consequence* of this barbarous practice : this practice of defacing and hacking away the express image of their God, to ascertain privileges, in a world which was made for the reception and accommodation, the peace and the pleasure of *all* mankind—could they be spectators of the calamity which equally attends the shout of victory and the shriek of defeat—could they behold the inconsolable wife sink upon her widowed bed, and the child, stretching forth its little hands in vain to greet a returning father—a father, left naked, mangled, and

and unburied, upon a foreign and an inhospitable shore—would not the touch of human pity assert its softening pressure, and all agree to cultivate the blessings of universal brotherhood?

How many wretches, forlorn and fallen, are at this instant pining away on the sorrow-steeped couch, while the heedless multitude echo the praises of one who has earned a laurel at the expence of adding acres to his King, and anguish to his countrywomen? I am no politician, Mrs. Arnold; I am a human being. I am a Christian. I am one who professes to adore a religion of peace—one too, who can never be persuaded that the
human

human form divine—the express image of the Deity—is created thus fair, and thus amiable, to be cruelly sported away in the riots of ambition, pride, and folly.

Ah, my dear Henry! alive as thou art to all that is most endearing, what will be *thy* sensations *after* the bloody affray! Thou, whose bosom is gentler than the mildest and kindest breezes of the spring!—what wilt *thou* feel, should some hapless woman, attended by all her little orphans, demand, of thy victorious hand, the slaughtered husband, and the slaughtered fire? Or should but thy *fancy* suggest such a groupe, rushing through the ranks, and in piercing tones of
agony

agony exclaiming—" *restore, restore* them to me,"—how would'st thou support it? Thou, Hammond, whom the female sigh, the female tear, the female shriek, would at any time penetrate to the soul!——

On the other hand, (and the chance alas, is equal) should it be *thy* fate to fall—oh, thou dearest, best-beloved, and most *worthy* to be so—should the malignant star, that influences, full often, the hero's fortunes—should it ordain that——

O Caroline, Caroline, I congeal with horror. I can derive no lasting serenity from the pious example of the resigned Louisa. I rage, I rave. I
cannot

cannot bear it. Indeed I cannot! Hope, duty, religion, are insufficient. I shall be detected in the deepest agony of my sorrow.—The tears are deluging my paper.—My senses seem to turn—I am bowed to the earth—I am——oh, how shall I conceal what I am?—how disguise the horrors which press down the spirit of the most afflicted

EMMA?

LETTER

L E T T E R L I V.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

MY fair pupil makes a surprising progress in her new studies; and were not her heart too soft to support the pain occasioned by her hand, she would, in a little time, perform her amputation, and dress her wound with the best of us.

She seeks this barren novelty of knowledge by way of solace: yet it affords her little; for, through all her efforts to amuse and to disguise, I can see her distress. Ah, Frederick, that it was permitted me to relieve that distress! Yet, if *Henry's* image still exists in her bosom—and, oh! how

how likely that it should!—it would be the very *phrenzy* of hope to expect success on my part. Would I had continued in India! Fortune has been extremely perverse. The gaiety of my character is passing away.—Every pleasant habit is dropping from me, and the peace of my soul is about to take flight. Can a virtuous passion produce these revolutions? Yes, Frederick, nothing *but* a virtuous passion *can* produce them. It is a *chaste affection*, and will, depend upon it, be one way or another rewarded. But it is very poignant; and yet, we best love the wounds of elegant tenderness when they cut most deeply into the heart. My affection for Emma increases with the increasing difficulty
of

of declaring it ; and though a much longer silence seems intolerable, to *break* that silence appears a circumstance yet less to be supported by

Your

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

WELL, my dear and dutiful daughter, ever kind, and ever considerate to me: I have not teased you by premature importunity—I left you, quietly, to the effects, first of society, and then of solitude. I want words to tell you how I am touched by those exertions you have made to acquire a conquest of reason over passion; and, though I have sometimes detected the tear upon your cheek, and felt the breath of your sigh as it broke, by stealth, from your bosom; yet—In short, my sweet girl, it seems now to be a proper crisis to communicate the hopes, anxieties, and expectations

tations of my heart. O! I have some important secrets to disclose; yet I tremble to begin. Wherefore *should* I tremble? You are delicate and obliging. Ere I quit this sublunary scene, I have *two* great ends to wish accomplished; and, after that, welcome the moment which shall re-unite me to the cherub who was once your mother, and who gave to me my now only child—who gave the pledge of her fidelity to these paternal arms, in this very room:—for *here* was Emma born, and here is the proper place to date an address which intreats her to make her birth a blessing to me.—*When* and *where*, then, shall an aged father whisper his wishes to a daughter?—O, let the reciprocal duties be

exchanged, my dear Emma, without *much* delay. I love you with my whole soul, and you will return the full luxuriance of my affection. The Times are greatly changed, and require great innovations of conduct. New modes of duty spring from new circumstances. Let us generously accommodate ourselves to incidents, which render improper to-day, what might yesterday be right. I solicit an interview. Take your own time; yet think, that time is very *precious*, and treat me like a friend—treat me like a father. Enough. I write to my child. I write to Emma, and her heart will tremble to the tender claims of

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

EMMA CORBETT.

21

LETTER LVI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

O My father, why this unnecessary preparation, this awful ceremony? Why the formal interview so solemnly announced?—announced too by a letter written under the same roof! Ah, what, Sir, does it portend? *Two* points, two *great* points, have you to adjust?

I come—I *fly* to your apartment—to that *beloved* apartment where my virtuous mother—I cannot go on, I confess that some terrible suggestions have seized my heart.—But I will not indulge them. I will attend my dearest father ere this billet can well reach his expecting hand, from

C 2

EMMA.

LETTER LVII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

I Am suddenly summoned into my father's apartment. He is not there, but I attend his coming. In ascending the stairs, I trembled at every step. In this very room I was born. How could my father have the fortitude to *sell* this mansion?—How could he—— Hah! I hear a noise.—He is coming. For some days I have penetrated a certain design, and I predict the purpose of this meeting. Perhaps——Oh Heaven! he is just at the door. He stops at the head of the stairs—I hear him sigh heavily. This is not, I feel, a moment in which I can bear any addition

tion of distress. Here is a private door that leads to my apartment. My father is pacing about on the other side. I hear the handle of the door shake in his hand. Some violent agitation is upon him. At *this* time the interview would kill me.—He is opening the door. I hasten my retreat.

Adieu!

EMMA.

L E T T E R LVIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I SEND this, my dearest father, to your apartment, to beg you will defer the honour you intend me till a quieter opportunity. I find myself so extremely and suddenly indisposed, that I should ill reward *your* kind attention, by dividing *mine*: and indeed, were I not afraid of seeming to press too hardly on your indulgence, I should intercede with you to make my excuses for absenting myself this whole day from the company below; that I may try to recover myself by keeping quite still in my own chamber.

EMMA.

LETTER

L E T T E R LIX.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

MY dear child! thank you for this relief. It is mutual, though I deplore the occasion. Take a moment of better spirits, and better health, for our affectionate conversation. Compose yourself. Nurse your tender heart into tranquility. I should not be equal *myself* to the task this morning. Pass the day in all the privacy you think fit; and for your excuses to the worthy Sir Robert, depend upon your friend and father,

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

IT is with great willingness I sit down to make a reply to the letter you addressed to me; but it is not without much concern that I find it necessary to use the pen in answer to those which you addressed to Louisa, whose present state of health is such as to prevent her writing. Anxious, however, even as she presses the pillow of sickness, to alleviate the suspense of her beloved Emma (in regard to the promised articles of confidence) she instructs me to acquaint you, in the concise way that I am able,

able, of the means by which she became the wife of your unfortunate brother, as well as with the reasons which prevailed with her to keep that union a secret from *his* family, from her *own*, and from the *world*. She conceives too, that the deeper colours of distress in *her* fate may, by comparison, alleviate the softer tints of wretchedness in *your's*; for, at the worst, my dear cousin, as matters now stand, you have a lover living who is very properly the object of many a charming hope; while the poor Louisa is daily tortured with reflecting on the death of one yet dearer than a lover—even a husband and a father, who is the object of many a misery too mighty for the solace of sighs and tears.

With

With respect to the letter I have had the pleasure to receive from you, it bespeaks a heart overflowing with streams of genuine philanthropy, and beautifully becomes the pen of Emma Corbett. But, believe me, believe a woman who has been connected from her infancy with men devoted to the trade of arms—believe the daughter of a veteran chief, and the widow of one who felt the military passion in all its force—believe *her* when she tells you, that such gentle arguments are never of the least consequence in the eyes, or on the minds of a soldier. They serve only to make female weakness the more pitied by the men, who think the dignity of a more resolved courage *concerned* to shew itself in
contrast.

contrast. Sometimes, it is true, the tears of a wife will excite the manly drop in the eye of a husband; but it carries not. The voice of public fame is, on these occasions, louder than that of private affection. The world fixes an earnest look on the actions of an officer. One hero inflames another: the sparks of glory pass like an electric power: the necessity of a brave *example* becomes apparent: the profession soon grows into a darling passion: the blood warms: the genius of war takes possession of every faculty: home-connexions are forgotten: the scene of action terminates the prospect: the warrior can see no farther. Valour and victory seem marching before him. There is

not

not leisure for a private emotion, and tenderness would assist the efforts of his foe. He gives himself up, therefore, nobly and absolutely, to the battle; wounds can make no impression upon him in the progress of his ardent career; and death itself is, in that moment, less terrible than defeat.

These, my lovely cousin, are not the sentiments of a theorist, but caught immediately from the lips of the very heroes who practised every action they relate. In the interval of peace, few men of any order have a more elegant humanity than the English officers; and all the endearing qualifications, which make up the great domestic characters, are to be found amongst them;

them ; but in the day of contest, my cousin, a different duty calls upon them, and military fame is as easily wounded, and its wounds as vital to felicity, as those of a woman.

Let not your glowing pencil paint the protectors of our country as beings destitute of every tender feeling, but allow for their situation, which sometimes renders incompatible the immediate union of love and glory : or the duties of peace with the duties of war.

While I close this sentence, Louisa expresses a wish to write to you *herself*. To-morrow she imagines that she shall be equal to the task, and she assures

assures me that nothing which relates to the history of *her* husband and *your* brother, can come so properly from any pen as her own. In the hope of her gaining strength for the friendly effort, I will fold up my letter, and bid you farewell.

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

P. S. I find you are still indisposed, and may, perhaps, want amusement in your solitude. To this end I send you the FRAGMENT of a little military history found amongst my father's papers. It will shew you that humanity and bravery are nearly allied, and that the tender husband and good soldier often form the same character,

character, though they cannot always exert themselves in the same moment; or, perhaps, were we to scrutinize nicely, we should, in reality, find, that when the soldier is hazarding his life and liberty for that of his wife, his children, his countrymen, and his King, he is *then* the tenderest lover, the worthiest husband, the best parent, the most loyal subject, and the most valuable citizen. I believe it was written by my father in his youth, and I consider it as a family relique.

Adieu!

A Military

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE

REMARKABLE EVENTS OF HIS REIGN

FROM HIS MARRIAGE TO HIS DEATH

IN THE YEAR OF HIS AGE 35

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Strand, 1765.

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE

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FROM HIS DEATH TO HIS BURIAL

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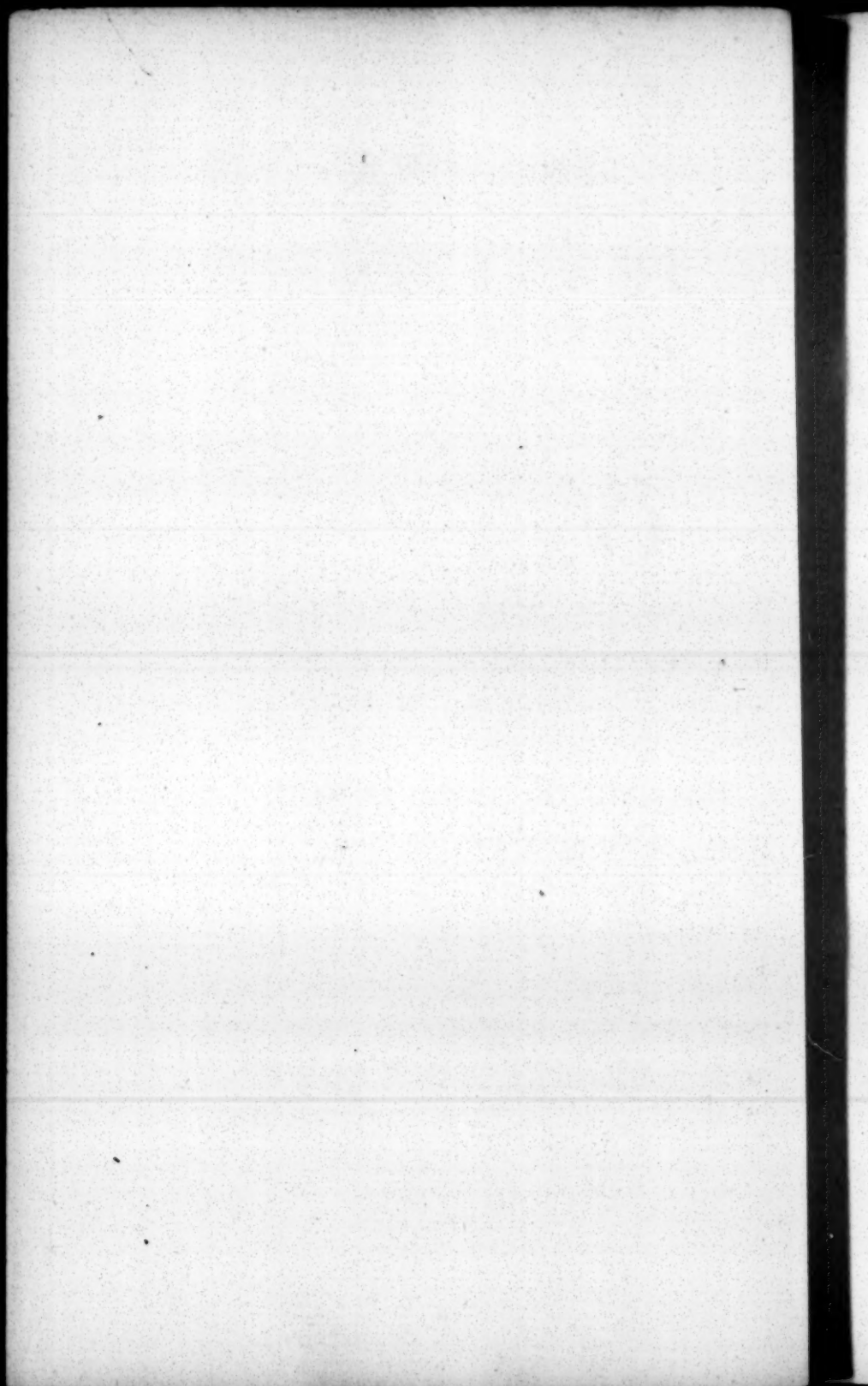
IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Strand, 1765.

A Military Fragment.

Vol. II.

D



THE CARBINES.

* * * * *

***** OH for the history of that wound! said I, seeing a scar upon the cheek of the person appointed to shew me the hospital!——
Oh for the history of that wound!

Not worth the telling, answered the man, pointing to the stump of his left thigh, as to a more important subject of curiosity. He took me into a different quarter of the building, which presented the lodgings of those who were pensioners. In each was a small

D 2

bed,

bed, a chair, and a table. The attendant's name was Julius Carbine. At a door leading into one of the apartments he stopped: and then looked through an aperture, which commanded the room.

The luckiest of all moments, said Julius—for brother Nestor will soon be at it, and it is a day of discipline. We will enter.

Julius, said the owner of the apartment, as we entered, sit down with your company. The side of the bed was covered with a clean white cloth, by a little girl who opened the door, and I had also a little girl with me, and we all sat down. It was actually
the

the *brother*, and not the brother *soldier* only, to whom Julius introduced us. In their appearance there was a fraternal similarity, not so much consisting in the features and limbs which remained, as in the misfortunes which had happened to those invisible parts which lay scattered in different quarters of the globe.

Julius was the younger of the Carbines, and as he placed himself *sideways* upon the bed, and desired Carbine the elder (whose name was Nestor) to suspend the attack—he told his story.

We slept in the same cradle, and were nursed up for the service. Our little arms——

D 3

He

He flourished a stump which projected about four inches from the right shoulder——Our little arms——

But I have begun the matter wrong and prematurely, for before I relate the account which Carbine gave of himself, I should offer some description of his person, as well as that of his brother Nestor. It is the stump of Julius which reminds me of this.

Carbine the elder was the remnant of a noble figure, who in the uprightness of his youth must have risen six feet from the earth perpendicularly. He had the marks of about seventy years wearing in his face—allowing for the natural vigour of his form, the
invasions

invasions of incident, time, and profession. The present stoop in his shoulders was favourable to the height, or rather to the want of height in his apartment. It is not without just cause that I called Nestor a *remnant*. Nature originally formed in him her fairest proportions. At the time I saw him he was a capital figure reduced. For instance, if you looked him in the face, or, more properly to speak, in the residue of his face, you would perceive, in his left cheek, a deep scarification, which boasted no sort of rivalry with the glorious embrowning of the other that had received no injury. Though Nestor himself said, "the whole cheek, in comparison with the half cheek, looked

looked like an errant poltroon." "It is a cheek," cried he, "which seems to have done no duty; now here," continued he, turning the other side to view with much triumph, "here are the signs of service."

Both the Carbines, indeed, had *served* to some purpose. In point of honorary credentials there was little cause of jealousy. Nothing could be more equally divided than the mutual marks of brotherhood in bravery. Sorely battered were the outworks of both. It is worth while to observe how the matter was settled to their satisfaction and credit. The thigh of Julius became the victim of a parapet, but then Nestor was even with him

him when he had the honour to dtop his left arm in the counterscarp. But as if fortune did not imagine an arm, and that a *left* arm, a sufficient equivalent to a whole thigh, amputated at one decisive whizz by a cannon ball, she deprived Nestor of his right foot, which was left at the bottom of an entrenchment in Flanders. The younger Carbine had the track of a musquet visible at the extremity of his neck, and the bullets, with which that musquet was charged, slanted along the left jaw, carrying off some of the finest teeth in the world, and which, perhaps, are even yet to be seen in one of the fosses. To bring the military scale even, on the part of Julius, he has the good fortune to
conceal

conceal under his hat (which, upon account of that concealment he seldom wears) a respectable contusion, which, beginning at the left ear, swept away not only the greatest part of that, but all that grew in its path, from one end to the other; which distinguishing stroke is in honour of the bastion. But Julius had his *unostentatious* wounds too: his shirt covering no less than six, infomuch that his bosom was crossed this way and that, direct and transverse, like a draught-board. I detected the flush of something like victory in the countenance of Julius, as he threw open his chitterlin, and opened his shirt-collar under pretence of too much heat: but Carbine the elder checked his brother's ambition
by

by baring his right arm to his shoulder, (or rather begging *me* to bare it) and there discovering a masked battery of blows, which were a fair match for those in the breast of Julius.

Thus were the testimonies of their prowess participated; and if (said they) either of us could have boasted a less equal division, it would have been a blow too many for our friendship, and, perhaps, have bred ill blood betwixt us.

Here the fragment is torn.

* * * * *

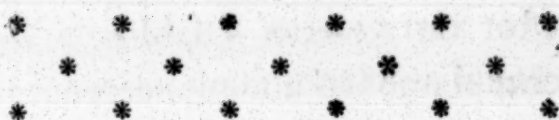
* * * * the

* * * * the veteran Carbines, after having platooned and pioneered it for a number of years, in the cause of their country, found at length they could keep the field no longer.

They entered the Temple of Peace: but not quite on the footing of ordinary members. The senior Carbine privately enjoyed some small privileges, and the junior was in possession of the casualties derivable from shewing the hospital to such as had the curiosity to survey it: and he hopped about with his *ruins* in a manner that engaged one's pity and admiration.

A second rent in the fragment.

* * * * *



Now Nestor was a man of inalienable affections. They were not to be subdued. The military passion was by no means dead in his bosom. The heart of the soldier was still visible in his little bed-chamber. There were to be seen, suspended from the walls, the battered corset that had covered his breast, and the firelock, whose iron mouth was almost worn out by the loadings. They were brightly burnished, and the nicest care taken to clean them weekly.

But this was nothing. The practical part of a soldier's discipline did
Nestor

Nestor carry on in a room of forty inches diameter.

No sooner were we all seated by the side of the bed, than a singular ceremony began. He had six sons, all little, all living for their country, and in secret training for the battle under their father. It was his custom, thrice in the week, to turn the key upon all the pensioners but his brother, and instruct his family in the art of war. Poor as he was, he had actually been at the cost of equipping them; had fitted up for them something that resembled a uniform, and, in miniature accoutrements, presented them with the sword, the musquet, and the bayonet.

The

The soldier's science was taught them by the veteran. One branch or another of the art military was the subject of every day. The sons of Nestor Carbine knew not the enervating luxuries of artificial heat: they thawed the severity of the seasons with nobler fires. Their education was wholly martial. At night they listened to the lecture, and their swords were drawn forth to practise what they had heard in the morn. They engaged their strengthening arms in the *mock* fight, that they might be prepared for the *real* one. It was now the evening of the ravelin, then of the flanking; now of the fortification, then of the fossé; now of the half-moon, then of the epaulement; now of the saps, and
then

then of the ambuscade; now of the horn-works, and then of the bastion; now of the gabion, and then again of the mines, the parapet, the battery, or the tenaille.

They had just began an engagement as we entered the room.

It will be best related before the younger Carbine tells his story. Let him therefore repose a little longer upon the bed.

The stripling troops were drawn up three deep in the center of the room, and the object of attack was a large deal trunk set upright betwixt the contending parties. One side were to
oppose

oppose and one to defend. The father was commander, and in good time came the brother, who, instead of reposing on the bed as above-mentioned, sprung up with surprizing agility, and hopped away to head the adverse party, making a kind of war-like music with a little drum tattoo'd by the timber instrument that served him for an arm. Nestor, meantime, assumed a whistle which served for a clarionet.

The engagement was carried on in the exactest military order; they advanced, they retreated, they rallied, and they came on again. Every little heart panted with ambition, every eye sparkled with expectation of victory.

The mimic ardour soon became real, and the two generals were themselves wrought up into a serious sensation. Julius shouted, and Nestor encouraged. But, presently, the aspect of the battle altered, for one of the *besiegers* (a boy of uncommon bravery) took one of the *besieged* prisoner. The conqueror flourished his little foil, but the captive shed tears of slavery and sorrow. The general on the worsted side affected to be disinayed. His opponent spirited up his army, pursued his victory, took a *second* of the enemy prisoner, and the town (that is, the *box*) was taken.

A shout of joy was heard on one side, while the poor remains of the conquered

conquered troops fled to a corner that was the interior encampment behind the bed. Julius beat the dead march with his wooden drum-stick: but Nestor and his troops, having burst the city gates, (that is, the box *lid*) proceeded to plunder. It contained all the magazines of the enemy, consisting of new foils, martial caps, belts, wooden bayonets, confections, and fruits. These were the prizes of conquest. They were all fairly won, and divided amongst the victors according to seniority. The little girl, who had sat on the bed, now sprung up, took a small ozier-basket from a hook, and strewed flowers in the path of the victorious, singing a song of triumph as they marched round the

room. The ceremonies, however, being over, both parties came forward, and shook hands very heartily, in token of good-will, and then the affair ended with "God save great George our King" and a general huzza.

* * * * *

———Our little arms, continued Julius, (whom I will interrupt no more) were nursed into early vigour for the field: for our father, whose bones——

May every Saint bless them, said Nestor!——

——have

—have been reposing more than half a century, in different parts of Flanders and Germany, struck first into that mode of training which my brother has adopted. Other people's children have playthings given them, because, forsooth, they whimper for them; but we were never allowed so much as a hoop or a top till we gained it by a victory. We knew the difficulty of obtaining the prize, and valued it the more; and thus were fitted for deeds of hardihood, ere other infants had an idea of glory.

Poor creatures! said Nestor's second son scornfully.

We could vault upon the steeds of the menage before *they* could keep

E 3

the

the saddle of their wooden ponies. Ripe for practice, we were sent forth at an early age to the field, and both of us entered as volunteers in the service of our country.

We did so, said Nestor.

Nature—for which stump as I am, I still thank her—gave us no bad forms; and, though we took the field with faces as effeminate as that of our mother,—[You was reckoned the very model of her, you know, Nestor]—yet the first campaign left us no room to blush upon that score. Our virgin engagement happened in the hottest glow of the summer, and we were soon rid of a delicacy which is inglorious

rious on the front of a foldier. Oh with what pleasure did we contemplate the alterations at our return !

I remember it, said Nestor, smiling.

The traits of the mother were quite worn out by the weather. In every lineament there was seasoning. The sun had written hero in our countenances, and we rejoiced in the dignity of the tan.

But mark the joke, sir; a fantastical pair of wenches pretended to love us, in our fair-weather suit of features, before we made the first sally, that is, before we were *worth* loving; but took it into their heads to quarrel with our

appearance the very moment we returned. They wanted still to see the red and white of the *woman*, and so took to themselves new paramours.—The jades gave us up, Sir, for a couple of fellows who would shudder at the patter of a hail-storm.

So much the better, said Nestor. We have had the satisfaction to see one of the rascals hanged for sheep-stealing, and the other you know is to be put into the pillory this day se'en-night.

And I'll be prepared for him, I warrant ye, exclaimed one of the boys.

No

No, child, said Nestor: he is no mark for the son of a soldier.

After this, Sir, we had no lazy periods of peace. Some part or another of Europe was continually beating the drum or sounding the trumpet in the ear of England. It was our duty to go forth in her defence.

Father, said the eldest of the boys, when is it likely we shall have a *war*?

My brother, Sir,—(continued Carbine, who was not put out by any family remarks)—my brother, Sir, had the honour of the first misfortune.

You do not call it by a right name, said Nestor.

He

He triumphed in the first testimony of the warrior.

I am an elder brother, said Nestor, and the first blow was my birth-right.

But I was soon even with him; for, towards the close of the campaign, a random shot—when I was thinking of nothing less,—gave the four fingers of my left hand to the enemy. In that condition we entered into winter quarters.

But no sooner was my brother cured of the wound in his face——

You may see the mark of it here, Sir, said Nestor.

——in

—in his face, than he received one much deeper in his heart!

In his *heart*, cried the youngest of the six sons, clapping his hand on his father's side?—why, you joke: here it is alive and merry now. I can feel it beat.

God keep it so, answered the eldest. It will be a fore day for us when that stops, I promise thee.

Give me thy hand, Ferdinand, said Nestor; and, brother, do you go on with your story, for it entertains the gentleman and his little daughter, and I like to hear it. You were always good at a story from a child. Go on.

—would

——would you believe it, Sir, that a fellow so sliced should have the impudence to attack one of the prettiest girls in England?

In the *world*, you might have said, cried Nestor, shaking his knee.

——like a brave boy of the blade, he pushed his point right on, turned his *worst* side to the wench, and insisted upon her taking the scars as a recommendation.

Why they *were* so, said Nestor, holding his knee still while he spoke.

——in this manner he continued to batter the citadel which trembled
in

in the bosom of the poor girl, and in less than a month (no time at all for such a siege) he entered the fair castle of her affections in triumph.

By the blood that I have shed, Sir, said Nestor, and by the drops which yet flow in my body, Frances was the best and bravest wench that ever lay by the side of a soldier.

Nestor, said Julius, hold your tongue.—His limbs, Sir, were almost constantly on the move. War carried them away. What of that? His joke was ready. Never mind, Frances, (would he say to his wife) I am the winner yet. Fear nothing. Were I reduced to my trunk, I should flourish still,

still, my girl. A soldier, whose children have blood in their veins, is invulnerable. He is immortal in his sons.

Let us *engage*, father! said one of the boys eagerly, as he brandished his foil.

Thus would my brother heal up the wounds of the war: but be that as it may, wounds are but sorry things in a family. Often has my brother disputed with me on this subject. "Julius, (would he say) thou art but half a loyal subject still—*thou* givest to thy country the services only of an individual, while *I* furnish it with the force of a whole family. As an *individual*, thou must soon die; but
hadst

hadst thou taken care to *multiply* thyself as I have done, thou mightest well expect to live and conquer these thousand years. Brother, brother, it is a false notion; a soldier ought of all men in his Majesty's dominions the soonest to marry: he ought indeed." Notwithstanding this, Sir, I could never be prevailed upon. No, though an honest girl offered to sling my knapsack across her shoulder after the loss of my thigh. To confess the plain truth to you, I did not like certain ceremonies betwixt my brother and sister, at their partings. Frances indeed wept but little, but in my opinion, she *looked* a much deeper sorrow than is to be expressed by a pair of wet eyes.

Nestor

Nestor hemm'd violently.

And as to my brother, though he cocked his hat fiercely—pretended to have caught cold—rubbed up his accoutrements, and blustered mightily, he never was steadily himself—and how the devil *should* he be—for a week after. These things, Sir, are against the grain. The brush of a bullet is nothing at all: it may take off your head, or it may only take off your hat: either way, no great matter—but the cries of a woman, the piercing agonies of a wife, to come across one's thoughts in the last moments—no, Sir,—no, damn it—there is no bearing that—I will live and die a bachelor!

But

But this is not the worst, sir. *Death* sometimes comes at the bottom of the account to *unsoldier* a man. He knocked at brother Nestor's door, and carried Frances away while she was nursing him of a fever into which he was thrown by the pain of a wound. Zounds! that was a terrible day, Nestor, was it not?

Terrible! said Nestor, turning his head from the company.

She died suddenly. Courage, said I, brother. He waved his hand, and spoke not. Brother, said I, have courage. "Fool, replied he, in a passion—(if he had called me so in cold blood, I would have had him out)—

VOL. II.

F

Fool,

Fool, said he, (in a way that one could not but forgive him, stamping his foot on the ground at the same time) am I, thinkest thou, before GOD ALMIGHTY or the enemy? What has courage to do before HIM? thou should'st tell me to be *patient*." I said no more: for the poor Frances lay dead before his eyes; and there being but one bed of any size, the living and the dead lay together.

Child, (said Nestor to the little girl, his daughter, who was sobbing at the side of the bed, with her apron thrown over her eyes)—come hither. Thou art *like* thy mother—kiss me.

Nestor (continued Julius) tied the crape round his arm, and his soul was
in

in mourning. He gave Frances to the earth. Decency——

Go no farther, said Nestor.

——Decency required *my* attendance, sir. My poor Carbine shed then the first tears that I ever saw upon his cheek. Oh! he was melted down into something softer than his mother. He wanted to prevent the man from striking the nails into the coffin.——

Julius, GO NO FARTHER, I say, (cried Nestor) pressing his daughter close to his breast.

I wish my uncle would hold his tongue, said one of the boys.

F 2

He

He opened the closed lid, and peeped in, (continued Julius.) He cast a lingering look into the grave. He drew his hand gently over the coffin as the sexton was beginning to lower it. He kneeled down to see that it was put *softly* into the ground. He let it go, and said he was perfectly resigned; then came away, and then returned, then went off a second time, and sought the grave again, wringing his hand, and declaring he was perfectly resigned all the time——

Wilt *kill* me, Julius? said Nestor; stop, I say!

——in short, sir, he—he—he—did so many things upon that occasion, that,

that, surely, if a man has any love for a woman, he ought to be a bachelor.

[The fragment is here defaced, and illegible for some pages.]

* * * * *

**** after the engagement, the solemn thoughts again came on.— Julius rubbed his face twice or thrice along the pillow, and declared that while the wind continued in that quarter, his old aches would twinge him a little.

And in this hospital, Sir, we are now laid up for life, said Julius.

He rubbed his face again upon the pillow. Well, said he rising, every dog has his day!

Upon this Nestor began to whistle:—not one of those tunes which arise from vacancy, but a whistle truly contemplative; it was more slow and pensive as he proceeded, and in its closing cadence, a tear started from his eye. Streaming almost to the borders of the upper lip, it settled there, and though as he waved his head backwards and forwards, it trembled upon the edge of his cheek, it did not fall.

When

When he had opened the door, I stole an opportunity to put something into his hand.

He took it as money ought to be taken by a brave or worthy man who wants assistance, and sees no shame in receiving it. A sober smile came into his countenance : but the TEAR continued.

His daughter's hand was still closed in his ; but she looked at the tear, and was taking out her handkerchief.

Let it alone, my dear, said Nestor.
IT IS YOUR MOTHER'S.

How are the Carbines to be envied, said I, when we were stepping into the street !

You flatter us, replied Nestor, bowing gently.

I went two paces and turned back.

The tear had verged off, possibly while he was bowing.

It had got upon *my* little girl's face; and there it hung like a dew-drop from a rose-bud.

Good God, said I, how rapid an exchange !

In

In saying this, I found it had vanished from the cheek of my daughter, in the time that I was making the exclamation !

Alas, it is *quite* gone then ! said I.

No ! upon lifting my hand to my face sometime after, I found the precious offering of sympathy had changed a *third* time its residence, and was trembling on my own cheek. I blessed it, and

* * * * *

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

I HAVE been penning a narrative, at every interval from pain; and by the next post, it shall be dispatched to Emma, from whom I desire anxiously to hear all that concerns her happiness and her health.

LOUISA CORBETT.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

THE interview is past, and fresh horrors are heaped upon the bleeding heart of

EMMA.

P. S. Oh, what does your Caroline's fragment prove, but that war, at best, is *terrible* as glorious!

L E T T E R LXIII.

MR. CORBETT TO HIS AGENT.

THE money cannot possibly be raised, and the ruin is complete of the wretched

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXIV.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

THE days of drollery are no more.
The character of my heart is changed. Emma is sick. Her father is labouring with some deep and concealed calamity; and from these incidents of the family, you will gather the unhappy situation of

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXV.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

I KNOW not whether I shall live long enough to relate the horrors of my situation!

On the evening of the day that I desired the suspension, I felt an impulse, more strong and more sacred than that of common curiosity, to know the full scope of my suspicions.

Before this interview, my distress appeared sufficiently great. Alas, we are continually exclaiming that the heart will break, without knowing what additional burthens it will bear, even when we think it is *most* furcharged.

Come

Come hither, dear Emma, said my father—drawing me gently to him—his hand trembling as he touched my gown.

—Come hither, I want to thank you for the long series of soft compliances, which your dutiful heart hath poured into this aged bosom. *But* for you, my child, your unfortunate father would have no support.

Unfortunate, Sir, did you say?

O *most* unfortunate, my Emma! I am in distress—*worldly* distress. And it is so extreme, that I have been compelled (ah, hard necessity) to dispose

pose of this fair mansion, which hath more than a century owned a Corbett for its Lord. This very room, my dear, which gave——oh spare me, Emma——this very room, the consecrated spot of *thy nativity*, is now another's; and so are the late hereditary lands that smile around it. The ruin has been *deliberate* too; and I have concealed it from every eye, even (and indeed chiefly) from *thine*, till now that I am in the *arms of poverty*. There is, at this moment, an execution entering my house in London; which contains the last reliques of a fortune, that, some years since, amounted to an hundred thousand pounds.

——That

——That accursed war!—that dire
American contention!—that civil fury
which hath separated the same inte-
rests of the same people!——

Here it begins, my child!—but
where will it close? Oh slavery—oh
imprisonment! how terrible are thy
horrid walls and galling fetters to *one*
whose bosom burns with the divine
flame of liberty!—how insupportable
to an old man!—to a father, whose
daughter's *consequence* in life must flow
from *his*.

O thou lovely stream from a foun-
tain whose sources are stopped——
what, *what* is to be done?

The *decisive* blow came yesterday upon me. I had, ere this, in reserve, one rich casket—but it is gone: the last capture has deprived us of it. It would have been enough for *my* age and for *your* youth, but the post of yesterday——

It is unnecessary to detail the calamity. It is crushing: it is irremediable: it is ruinous. I am in beggary.

Oh, Emma! bred up to elevated expectations, what is to become of thee? Your brother is slain. Your father old and enervated, a prey to pain of body from the most piercing of human disorders, and to anguish of mind, from reflections the most cutting.

ting. Your property both at home and abroad (for mine was naturally your's) lost or despoiled!

Emma! what is to become of thee? Would you renovate my youth—would you rebuild your fortunes?——

I could not speak, Louisa.

If you *would*, continued my father, receive with a smile those accents which inform you, there is a gentleman—rich, generous, virtuous, worthy, and of whom you have a good opinion—a gentleman who would esteem the *hand of Emma*——

—Ah, what have I said!—shameful sacrifice!—pardon, pardon me, my child. You shall *not* be sold, my love. No, no: let us be above the sordid commerce. Let us enter the gloomy gates together. Let us be poor—let us be necessitous—let us combat the common wants of nature,—but let us not be *contemptible*.

I sunk, death-like, into his arms, a weeping father's arms, which staggering under their burthen, bore me to the bed. There I still lie: and there, probably in a few days——oh! farewell to

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI

TO EMMA CORBETT.*

NO, my loved sister, I will not, cannot, send a long story. A few pages will comprise the main circumstances; and let those suffice till days of future conversation.—

Your father had ever an ambition to enlarge the fortune of his Edward by marriage: and Edward had already sufficient to his wishes. He acquainted his father of the love which he bore to Louisa. It produced a dispute. My brother happened to be present. He entered as your father exclaimed, "What but beggary can be expected with a girl like Louisa

G 3

Hammond,

* Prior to the receipt of the above.

Hammond, of scarce an hundred pounds a year?"——The conversation stopped.

Sir, (said Henry to Edward, when they were alone) had any man living but Emma's father spoke in these terms of my sister, he should have been punished for it severely.——I love *Emma Corbett*, and to her he is indebted for——

And I love *Louisa Hammond*, Sir, (replied your brother) but my father has an arm of his own, and that failing, he has that of a *son*, to defend him from the insults of a boy, should he *dare* to——

It

It is an improper place to discuss the question, said Henry. They went out. Henry commanded Edward, in terms of intolerable severity, never to offer his hand to Louisa, while Edward insisted, that Henry should desist from farther engaging the affections of Emma. The inhibition was promised to be observed, and a breach of it was to terminate in the last frightful decision amongst men. Edward dropped his visits, and I knew not the cause. Henry did the same, and you were equally ignorant of the motive. I fell sick; a fever seized my spirits, and my life was despaired of. Edward heard of my illness, and came to visit me at a time when he knew Henry was from home.

He found me in the extremity—the fever was become putrid, and the physician ordered no one to approach my breath any nearer than could be avoided; the bed was strewed with the herbs which are supposed to prevent infection. Regardless of this, and every other image of self-preservation, Edward rushed into my chamber, threw himself upon his knees by the side of the bed, and hung his head over my face, which received and welcomed the tender tears that were streaming from his eyes. O! Louisa, Louisa, (said he) I can bear it no longer! At these words Henry was heard upon the stairs, Edward leaped up—Heavens! said he, can it be possible, is Henry returned? Well, it is

no matter. My brother entered the room, and at the sight of Edward stepped back, like a man astonished. Edward ran up to him, threw his arms about his neck, and insisted that the embrace should be returned. Oh Henry, he exclaimed, too long have we mutually suffered a false delicacy to prevail. Enough have we sacrificed to pique, for Emma and Louisa have been the victims. I heard that your sister was dying, and I could not deny myself the mournful privilege of a friend—will you chide me for it, Henry?—will you still withhold your hand and your heart from the brother of Emma Corbett? *Will you?* This was the first moment I had been informed of the dispute. The surprise
was

was too much for me in the *firmest* state of my constitution. In the condition I *then* was, it had well-nigh proved fatal. All which my strength suffered me to do was to raise myself on my pillow, fold my hands in the attitude of intreaty, and with feeble accents to implore, they would spare my last moments, and not embitter them by *their* enmity.

Ere I had uttered this, Henry and Edward were weeping on the necks of each other, and Henry said, alas! Edward, I *owe* you more than this, for on my part was the promise first broken. I have secretly maintained the usual correspondence with Emma, since she has been away: and found
the

the *tendernefs* superior to the *anger* of my temper. Indeed we have *both* been wrong. Henceforward, let us be *more* than friends—if possible, let us be brothers. Shall we not, my Edward?

Again, Emma, I clasped my hands, and a sudden sense of joy came over me that gave a turn—a *happy* turn to my disorder. I recovered. It was agreed between us that the *cause of the quarrel*, and the means of the reconciliation, should be equally a secret. The families were re-united, and none but Edward, Henry, and Louisa, could account for the late coolness on the part of the two former. But the harmony was not of long duration ;——

it

it was again interrupted by your father's violence in the cause of *America*, opposed to that of my brother in the cause of *Great-Britain*. Edward sided with the former, and, though it no longer prevented an intercourse between us, it threatened an eternal separation of political interests. At the same time Henry was permitted to address you, and Edward continued openly his partiality for me.—Nay, your father at last declared, he hoped still to see the two countries restored to the embraces of each other, and two happy matches to felicitate their union. You were, my dear Emma, fortunately from home on a visit during most of these transactions, and your Henry did not think it prudent

dent to break the thread of an elegant affection by the little jarrings that were happening to cross it at home. The contest now became fierce on the other side the Atlantic, and threatened to carry bloodshed and rapine to that part of the continent where Edward had property. Louisa, (said he to me, one evening) I must cross the seas: my fortune is in danger: it equally concerns you and me, that I should endeavour to defend it, yet I will wait another month to hear the event of terms that are proposing between the countries—if they produce *peace*, you know how ready I shall be to continue in England; if they *fail* of that end, you must have resolution enough to part from me for a short season.

season. But, continued he, as no man can tell the chances of the slightest separation, I ardently wish to call you by the tenderest of all human titles, *mine*, before I go. *Publicly* this cannot be done, for though my father affects to consent, our union would make him unhappy. No, Louisa: let our happiness be known only to ourselves till it is proper to communicate it. Impart it not, till my return at least, to Emma, to Henry, or to any part of the family. I have my reasons for it, even more strong than those that have been already related.

Soon after this conversation, Emma, we were privately married, and none of the appointments that led to the ceremony,

ceremony, or which succeeded it, were discovered or suspected. Previous to the voyage of my hapless husband, he put into my hand a sealed paper, containing his will, and he desired I would not open it till his return. In the fond hope of that return being possible, I have, till within these few days, kept the seal unbroken, and now, alas! I find it is a testamentary disposal of his property abroad, bequeathed entirely to me as sole executrix.——

Yes, my dear Emma, there *is* a fatherless Edward, and Heaven only knows whether the father had any knowledge of his birth before he died. I repeatedly sent letters, full of all a
mother's

mother's minute and affecting solicitude, but I received no replies.

To Mrs. Arnold, dear and generous friend ! I owe the power of keeping my husband's secret, notwithstanding an event that promised to betray it. The poor little one was lately taken ill, and his death every moment expected. It was that (oh Nature !) made me write the disordered scrawl, which intreated Emma to forbear her visit. On my reaching the house of our worthy Caroline, I found the cold hand of death lay heavy on my child. I wept sore. I offered up the prayer of the desolate widow, not *wholly* to bereave me; and begged (ah, how earnestly)

nestly) the Blessed God to restore *one*
or receive *both*!

My prayer was heard. My child
grew well. Your letter came in the
warmest, newest, and most melting
moment of matron extacy. The
smile of the babe was in my eye, and
in my heart. I saw miniatur'd forth
the features of the murdered Edward.
Oh the beautiful extreme of rapture!
It grew too big for bearing. I de-
voured my child with kisses. I ran
with weeping joy to Mrs. Arnold.
I thought of thee, oh lovely Emma,
as of Edward's sister, and I gave thee,
in that charmingly unguarded period,
the dear deposit of my bosom, which
none but Caroline shares with thee.

VOL. II,

H

Edward,

Edward, the *infant* Edward, sleeps as I write this. His gentle breathing is as the music of the spheres to his mother's ear. Ah, had there been a pause—a stop—an *eternal* stop in that harmony, what should I have done? But he lives, and I will not murmur. Oh for health to rear his tender youth. Emma, you are his aunt, and oh, should this feeble frame fail to hold out so long as he may want a protector (and when alas, will that cease to be!) will you not—ah will you not be unto him a mother? Consider that he has *many* claims upon you. He is the son of Edward your brother, and the child of

LOUISA.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXVII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

O Wonder-working Providence !
I feel your intelligence, dearest
Mrs. Corbett, in every vein ! I acknowledge you as a friend. I receive you as a sister. But *there* is the *boundary* of my power. Embrace your child, and do not complain. Louisa, you may now receive an example of patience from the fortitude of Emma. The father and the child are both in the bed of sickness, and both labouring in the dire extremes of distemper and distress. I can no more. Farewell. I murmur not.

EMMA.

L E T T E R L X V I I I .

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

CASTLEBERRY is the seat of confusion, and calamity. It seems as if I were doomed to be the murderer of my guests. I can impute the illness of parent and child to no other cause, than because the one too much *desires* a match, which the other with too much reason *detests*.—Oh, mighty God! the mystery is explained. Let the *inclosed* speak it, for I have not power to transcribe.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.*

I AM not made for hypocrisy. You see the gloom of my soul. It sits in my countenance; nor am I able to disguise it. It is now *my* turn to desire you will deal with *me* plainly. Within a few hours my fortunes are altered so much for the worse, that it is impossible for me to desire you will advance farther in the treaty relating to Emma. I cannot now give her a single guinea; all she will ever have is three thousand pounds, which is a legacy: nor can I expect your passion to weigh down every pecuniary consideration. Three thousand pounds,

H 3

Sir

* The inclosed.

Sir Robert, is *poverty* to what my child might have expected. Suffer us then to depart. I am stung to the quick by various wrongs. By the close of the week I hope we shall be well enough to set out. Excuse the awkwardness of corresponding under the same roof. There are points that cannot be spoken to. This is one. I venerate and love you. But do not mention the subject to Emma, or to

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LXX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THERE wanted no fresh impediments. They were manifold and mighty enough before. To pursue my intentions, after what I am now told, would be *indeed* impracticable. I should tremble to approach Emma, lest I should seem to act the part rather of a purchaser than a lover. O, I blame not that lovely pride which poverty begets in a generous mind. Shall I barely *bargain* for the hand of Emma? Yet how shall I resign it? Let me think.

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * I have

* * * I have hit upon an expedient, Mr. Corbett: but it will want your suffrage and assistance.— There is but one way left to honour and oblige me, and I call on you by the rights of ancient friendship to comply with my request.

—No, it cannot be. It will not bear reflection. I must submit to my fate. But do not leave me yet.— Repose. Recover. Meditate what is best to be done. Tell me the extent of your misfortune, and let us mutually concert its mitigation.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXXI.

TO THE SAME.

THE irresolute note which I sent this morning to your chamber, is not worth your attempting to decypher. I wanted to express my sympathy of your present misfortune in a way more answerable to the emotions of my friendship. I wished to gather such knowledge of some persons *connected with your loss*, as might enable me to plan some pious fraud to relieve your situation without wounding your delicacy. But I should make bungling work of it, and destroy the felicity I intended to promote. I am a man of plain feelings, and have no dexterity of address when it is necessary

fary to adorn them. Accept then, dear Corbett, of an honest mind, in lieu of elegant manners. Is any decoration necessary to introduce a friendly circumstance?—and if there is not, wherefore do I thus lengthen the preface?

Corbett, I am one of those whom the world calls an unthrifty fellow: for I value money merely as it conduces to my happiness. My happiness depends on society, and not on myself alone. I have fixed it in the dear domestic circle that encloses Emma and her father. Beyond that barrier I do not desire to wander; and if I can promote their felicity, my own will, of necessity, be compleat.

You

You see my system. It is simple and concise. By uncommon chance I am become rich, you know. The sum I possess is too much to be dissipated, and not enough if I had a passion to accumulate. It is quite sufficient to render three persons happy, so far as happiness takes its colour from money. Amongst three persons then let it be divided; but let only two of those know the source by which the third is supplied. You may easily persuade Emma to believe, (what indeed will be true) that by an unexpected turn, your losses are repaired. She will be too much rejoiced at the event to tease herself about the means. Or, if she *should* enquire, her curiosity is of a tender kind, and will readily
be

be pacified. I hope you love me too well to make scruples; and yet I shall prepare myself to combat them. It is really a very hard and mortifying thing, that these *bare-weight* duties betwixt friend and friend, should be so rare as to make the offer of them a matter of embarrassment; as if there were nothing expected in society but its etiquette and professions. All I desire is, that you will lose no time in settling your affairs, and no otherwise remember the *mode* by which they are accommodated, than as it may impress your bosom with tender sensations, and strengthen the cement of that alliance which is formed between us. With Emma, I will (on the above conditions) take my chance as before,
but

but for the wealth of worlds I would not have her acquainted with a tittle of our private transactions. Nor must you attempt to sway her. Leave her to the same chances as would *before* have happened. It is very unreasonable that I should expect her to marry *me* for *affection*: but, for Heaven's sake, save me the distress of accepting the sacrificed hand of gratitude. I am glad it is in my power to offer my testimonies of friendship to you before she has been *influenced*. I will be with you presently, and you shall have no prejudices of custom about you, till you detect any thing of (what is foolishly called) the wisdom of the world, clinging to the hand or the heart of

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXH.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

WHAT can I say to you? Represent to yourself an old man, bathing his pillow with his tears, and suddenly struck, first with fortune, then with transport! Oh, Raymond, Raymond, the world sees these friendships too seldom to authorise our accepting them: and many a man has been ruined because custom permitted him not to be much obliged. My misfortunes, indeed, have arisen from the dire calamities of war, and not from the wasting luxuries of peace. Public desolation, and not private vice, has produced them.

Yet—

Yet—the sum so large——the situation so critical——the——

Well, well, I will try to recover myself, and we will converse: but I tremble strangely. I almost think I could *make* such an offer, even at this frozen time of life, for my heart is yet warm; but oh! how shall I bring myself to *receive* it. I could bear your superiority, but how can I——

——The world is too strong for the stoutest of us, Sir Robert. At what a pitch must vulgar errors have arrived, and what a miserable age must we live in, when the hand of liberality itself
trembles

trembles while it is extending, lest its motive should——

——in short, my friend, I cannot write ; but come to me.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

I FANCY there was some *mistake* in the letter that I inclosed from Corbett: for I find his affairs are all re-adjusted, and the generous refusal of my overtures to Emma (at a time when most parents would think them most acceptable) has no longer force. The prohibition is taken off, and I am again at liberty to make myself tenderly unhappy.

Corbett is now as much recovered in health as in his circumstances, and word is just brought that Emma is better. O my heart, how shall I support the sight of her!—If her sick-

ness has made any great alteration—if she appears to be in pain, or in any kind of danger, I shall assuredly discover myself.

Methinks I have more fondly wished myself her husband since her confinement and indisposition, than while she was rejoicing in health and pleasure. I do not desire to unite myself to her beauty, more than to her weakness and distress. Surely, Frederick, the tender offices of a friend are *most* amiable, where they are *least* observed by the world. The feeblenesses to which the tender frame of a woman is subject, are, perhaps, more seducing than her bloom. The *healthy* flower looks superior to protection,

tection, and expands itself to the sun in a kind of *independent* state; but in nursing that which *droops* (sweetly dejected) and is ready to fall upon its bed, our care becomes more dear, as it becomes more *necessary*. It is the *parent* and the *friend* rather than the mere *gardener*, that, on *such* an occasion, influences: and indeed, it will be found, upon all occasions, that the gentlest parts of our nature are the best; and objects are beloved in proportion, not as they are strong, forcible, and defended, but as they are gentle, unresisting, and pathetic.

Emma dines below stairs. I have not seen her for several days. In the present state of my heart, Frederick,

can you not imagine the nature of a sensation which partakes equally of hope and fear? If you *can*, you will ascertain the present situation of

Your

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIV.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

YES, my dear child, what I asserted to you this morning is true. By a chance seldom happening to persons in distress, I have recovered myself. It was like a recovery in the last struggling moment of a man's life; for had the relief been delayed longer, it would have been the death of my credit, and you would have mourned over these white hairs in a *prison*. Oh! the *means*, the MEANS, my child, by which this mighty blessing was effected! The generous hand, the generous heart, from whence——but I am forbid to speak. Cannot you *guess*? No! It is impossible!

It seems to be a flight too sublime—too near Heaven for any earthly power to——— And yet, if there *should* be any human being, who has rescued your father from shame, and yourself from indigence—if, oh Emma, there *should* be such a character, moving under your eye, and inviting your notice, what—what are the emotions, what the sentiments you owe him?

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

FREDERICK, I have again beheld the source of my admiration and distress. She came: she sat at table: said a few words in a silver voice: sighed softly, and retired. I never beheld any "mortal mixture of earth's mould" so touchingly sweet. She is more interesting as she is less in her bloom. Sorrow has taken the rose out of her cheek, and left only the lily, which seems charmingly to lament the loss of its companion. She rises every moment upon me; and sickness, which has weakened *her frame*, appears to have given strength to *my affection*. My wishes are aug-

I 4

mented,

mented, but my expectations are not advanced. I see the policy of retreat, and while I *acknowledge* it, am preparing to go on. Yes, Frederick, I am resolved to open the subject, and that immediately.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXVI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THESE transitions are almost too much for me—but I welcome the dear agitating stroke that gives felicity to my father. As the billet which expresses it came to hand, I was about to seek your bosom, my venerable parent, and *there* assure you with how chearful a *heart* I would follow you through every turn of your fortune, and with how ready a *hand* I would labour for our subsistence. I had prepared many a tender argument to prove the *frugality of nature*, and to shew how easily and how cheaply she might be supplied. I would have represented to you the sweets of a couch
which

which should have been smoothed by a daughter's care; and of wholesome viands, provided by your child. Nor should I have failed to remind you of what, in your tenderness rather than in your hurry, you have forgotten; namely, that sum of *three thousand pounds*, which, in right of my late uncle, I am to inherit;—nor of those glittering baubles, which it would be *infamous* in Emma to *reserve* or to *wear* while her father is in distress. But these arguments are unnecessary, as you are restored to happiness, and there is, it seems, some noble instrument which Providence has made use of to produce the blessing. What sentiments and what sensations I owe to both, need scarcely be made a question.

tion. If my soul is not insensible, it must pour itself forth in gratitude and prayer, in wonder and in praise. But still, methinks, this friendship should be accepted sparingly, my dear father. While a large sum of money is within the compass of our *own ability*, should not our first application be to that, and——

Pray forgive me; you taught me to love the language of nature, and must not be angry when occasion calls it forth. Benevolence is a beam from Heaven, and descends into the heart of man to inspirit and to cheer: but if we do not properly *economize* it; if we are *lavish of the lustre*, and do nothing

thing of ourselves, while it is darting upon us——

——in short, my father, I feel myself a little *jealous* that, when it became necessary for you to place a confidence in any *second* being, you did not shew your usual affection for

EMMA.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXVII.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

SOON after breakfast this morning, while Corbett and I were walking in the garden, he took hold of my hand, and laying it to his breast, said, "Now, Sir Robert, is the time: my daughter is recovered. Take an opportunity to display your generous attachment. [Faith, Frederick, I do not see the generosity of trying to possess a fine young woman.] I will give you an opportunity, (continued Mr. Corbett) and pray Heaven it be in her power to give you the possession of her hand and her heart!"

* * * * *

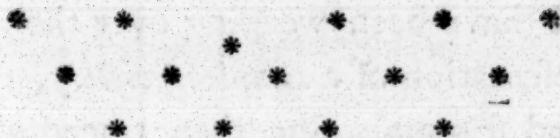
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IN

IN CONTINUATION.

Mr. Corbett informs me that Emma is now gone into the library. She is, he says, all *tendernefs* to-day. It is then the crisis of declaration; the season most proper to speak; and I think I was never more *unfit* for the undertaking. O that I were younger, handsomer, less rich, and more engaging. Indeed, I wish most of those things altered, with which, till I beheld Emma Corbett, I was perfectly satisfied. Not a syllable, however, of Henry falls from her. Surely that looks wells. At what a twig doth the drowning catch! I will not close this letter till I can add to it the particulars of our conference.

IN



IN CONTINUATION.

It is past. It is decided. I have read my fate, without disclosing my condition. I entered the library, and found Emma—ah, how shall I describe to you the situation in which I found her! She had been observing the ravages of war, as they are figured in the prints which are hung around the room. I saw the tears still standing in her eyes. O those eyes!

And what has been the matter, Emma, said I?

I have

I have been weeping over the representation of a *compleat victory*, replied Emma. She then traced the bloody progress of the pictured battle, and in all the pathos of philanthropy addressed me thus :

“ O Sir Robert, behold the images of conquest and defeat ! Observe two mighty hosts of human beings met together, after the most deliberate plans of attack, to butcher one another—to perpetrate *generally* that very crime which, in any *particular* instance, is punished by the retaliation of a shameful death. To destroy an individual is ignominy ; but at the massacre of an army, the trumpet sounds its note of boldest triumph.

The

The gallows and the halter, the awful trial or gloomy dungeon preceding these, are prepared for him, who, in the phrenzy of passion, or the raging of desire, deprives the irritating object of farther *power* to torment; while the laurel and the bay contribute to the garland of *those heroes*, who, after returning from the cities they have depopulated, and the territories they have laid waste, come exulting home in all the honours of blood and of slaughter——

She paused a moment. A glow of generous scorn was in her eye, and she again extended her white arm along the picture, and proceeded.

“Here, sir, you may observe, lawful and *glory-crowned murder*, exhibited

in every form. See—see, into that wretch's quivering side, the ball has just entered!—Here lies a head severed from the body.—There are the mangled reliques of an arm torn from the shoulder; and there the wounded horses are trampling upon their wounded masters!

“ Rights—territories—and privileges, disputed or invaded, are the great justifications! Poor, puerile, and insufficient !

“ —Ah, EARTH, thou common parent—thou whose nourishing bosom furnishes to *all* the children of *content* that will *cultivate* thee, how art thou made the object of ambition, and the
motive

motive of sanguine altercation ! Into what ridiculous portions of ideal property art thou cut out ? How art thou quarrelled, how contended for ? How often doth the bounteous sun that shines upon thy surface to expand the grain, and to cherish thy various productions—Oh, how often do his beams retire, and leave thy verdant mantle dipt in gore ! Yet thou hast *thyself*, (improvident mother of these wrangling emmets) thou hast *thyself* been, in some measure, accessory to these horrors. Oh ! that pernicious and fascinating *drofs* that glows within thee ! Why was not the radiant mischief concealed ?—Why was the cunning and the curiosity of the child thus permitted to rip the *very bowels*

of its parent, and wage unnatural war with his brother about the division of the spoil? Avarice and ambition are of the same family, and assist the vices of each other: the one delights in the plunder, the other in the havock by which it is obtained.

“——But yonder the ruin is more rapid and glorious—behold in yonder corner they are employed in removing the dying and the dead. In that lacerated body there yet seems life. It is panting in the picture!—how the streams of——Ah, my God! the hoof of a horse seems ready to stamp upon his bosom—another sword is pointed^{at} at his throat.—Stop, stop barbarian—he is of thy *kind*—he is thy fellow-

follow-creature—perhaps he is closely, dearly, TENDERLY connected—restrain thy sacrilegious hand—kill not her whose existence is interwoven with his—kill not his helpless *children*—respect the tender state of unprotected infancy—respect the softening bonds of FAMILY—respect thy GOD. Oh! Henry, Henry, Henry, such perhaps, even such may be *thy* dire catastrophe—such, Hammond, such——”

She fell lifeless on the floor. Her soul was filled with images of the deepest horror. It was a noble *phrenzy of tenderness and humanity*, but it trod too quickly on her late recovery.—She is again carried to her bed. Unhappy Emma!

Oh, Mr. Berkley, what remains ? She has rescued me from the misery of a declaration at least. Her own passion is hopeless, yet fixed ; but mine is in despair. She has added at once to my love and to my distress. What nobleness of sentiment !—What virtuous sorrow !—What sacred *integrity* of attachment ! I shall be glad when the time for their departure arrives. I shall ever be united to the family ; but it is impossible, I find, to live longer as a part of it.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THE heart of your daughter, my dear friend, is not at her disposal. Let her never know a circumstance which can only render her unhappy.

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

WE are returned to town. The several inclosures will acquaint you with the affecting transactions which have passed since the last stop in our correspondence—a stop, my dear Louisa, made in very *sympathy*: for, though you have of late repeatedly told me that you found a pathetic kind of pleasure in sharing griefs so congenial to your own, I could not but blush at the pain which I must often have created you. Yet nature, at this very time—poor feeble nature, strongly prompts me to repeat the fault. My heart swells high with sorrow, and I stand in need of the participating

ticipating Louisa. Nor will any *but* Louisa soothe me. Mrs. Arnold is generous and sensible, elegant and informed, but, oh! she has not drank so largely of that bitter, yet salutary cup which subdues the effervescence of the spirit, and disposes us to melt at the miseries of another. She is a widow without knowing the value of her husband, and love seems a secondary passion in her mind to that of glory.

How is it, my friend, that we do not hear from Henry? Ah, what an affecting difference betwixt a post-office and a ship!

○ *distance*, DISTANCE, it is now I begin to feel what thou art! Join, I conjure

conjure you, Louisa, the prayer of Emma—supplicate the power at whose command the winds and the waves are still,—supplicate him in behalf of a hapless woman, whose treasure is tossing on a precarious sea. Beseech that the hospitable barks may salute each other, and that their separation may alleviate mine. Implore that these things be granted, and my heart shall be at rest.

——At rest! and will my alarms be hushed by such a circumstance? Are the beatings of the *billows* all I have to fear? Alas, the perils of the water are merely introductory to those of the land. Scarce will the dangers of the flood be past, ere those of the field

field come on. Which way then shall my petition be directed? The policy of nations, and the dictates of nature, the voice of ambition, and that of peace, are so distinct, that a perpetual war seems to be proclaimed between *divine* and *human* institutions. The tender and graceful interest which nature bids us take in the fate of those whose lives and fortunes are dear to us, make us wish well to the natives of our country, and the friends of our heart: and it is on this principle, but not for the parade of dominion, or the barbarian flush of victory, that I wish well to the cause of Henry and his associates—I do not say COUNTRYMEN, for it appears that *we* are at war with these, as *they* with us: a large and
once

once *loving* family divided against itself. Whom are *we*, Louisa, to consider then as enemy, and whom as friend? WE suffer, alas ! bitterly, from the contest on either side.

Oh, God of tranquility ! heal up the *mutual* wound, and suffer not that which is terrible between *different* people, even in *hostile* nations, to become more intolerably so by allowing it to rage amongst *brethren* !

The paths of military honour, Louisa, are cut through the bowels of humanity ; and heroism laughs at the apostrophe of pity : but I, who want refinement to extinguish the simplicity

city of my sensations, shall yet persist
to call even *victory* a calamity.

I am extremely ill, but have relieved myself by writing.

Adieu !

EMMA.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXX.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

I MOVE up and down, obedient to the impulse of my passion.

I am now in London, attending the sick chamber of Emma, into which I gain access only by virtue of my profession. Her affection preys fast upon her health. Yet it becomes her age, and its object is amiable. It is an affection which nature, virtue, and religion, conjoin to make respectable. Youth gives it a new charm. Misfortune throws over it a tender and interesting shade. Sickness adorns it with peculiar softness; and absence
assists

assists sensibility, in rendering the whole more touching.

Such is the love of Emma : while *mine* is the passion of a man who hovers round the idol of his heart with the most doating fondness, at the time that he is convinced of the folly and impropriety.

In vain, Frederick, you ridicule, invite, and advise. I cannot quit Emma. She is sick, and I am wretched. She loves another, and it does not relax the diligent attentions I pay to her virtue and her beauty. She has fallen in the path of my life, and I make a dead stop. I cannot pass

pass on. Sneer not, jest not, but pity my sensibility; and if you choose to call it by a more censurable name, whatsoever it be, *pity me by that.*

I am trying to recover myself, but make no progress. To speak the truth, I undertake the business with reluctance, and cannot expect to succeed in it.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXI.

TO EMMA CORBETT.*

THERE will be no occasion, my beloved girl, to use any longer the fortunes of a daughter, or a friend. I still have a succedaneum in the care of Providence, who has, in some measure, repaired the depredations of war.

Your cousin Fanshaw is just dead, and, though he would suffer neither of us to approach him while living, (how inconsistent!) has at length made his will in my favour, annexing this remarkable codicil:—"To Charles Corbett ten thousand pounds, because

VOL. II.

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I hear

I hear he is a sufferer by the *war with America*; and to Emma Corbett, his daughter, (whose fortune must of course be lessened by the same means) five thousand pounds, provided she *does not marry an officer, or any person concerned in promoting the contest.*"

Adieu! Let these tidings revive you.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

BLESSED be the memory of the man whose generosity has taken such a load from my heart! Yes, my dear and venerable father, I *am* revived. Sickness and sorrow stand suspended at your tidings. We have now sufficient to gratify every wish that contented natures can form. I had been casting about for means to seduce you into accepting my free-will offering of tenderness—my mite of duty; but my perplexity is relieved. Ten thousand pounds will gild the evening of a virtuous life, and three are competent to all the wants of

EMMA.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

THIS yet-continued delay terrifies me. Oh, what minutes have I told over—what days and weeks have I pass'd!.

I conjure you to let Roberts purchase all the papers he can collect for a month back, and send them, without loss of time, to the trembling

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

THREE thousand pounds, my sweet daughter! why, that which is properly your *own* independence is now *eight* thousand! How could you congratulate *me*, and forget to felicitate *yourself*? But you generously annihilated the latter consideration in reflecting upon the first. Such is the noble negligence of your nature. I must assist you, too, in observing, that the barriers of graceful pride are now thrown down, and the avenue open, clear, and unobstructed, to any tender partiality, which, you suppose, may gratify the expectations of your most affectionate father,

C. CORBETT.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I WILL not affect to misconceive you, my only parent. You seem constantly anxious to connect me with some worthy man, as the associate of my life; yet do not recollect that my choice is made, my principles fixed, and my heart *inalienably* engaged. An unsubdued veneration for truth attends me. I caught the inspiring affection I bear her, from the respectable authors of my being. It is a prejudice as early as it is amiable, and you should not wonder if I walk steadily in the way of my directors. This, sir, I have often told you. I have been brought up to consider the happiness
of

of life, not as deducible from the maxims of the world, but from implicit reliance upon that power whom Heaven has seated upon the throne of the soul, as an unerring judge in all cases of moral arbitration. It has been a hard task for me to struggle with the various inflictions which have long hung over our house, and though the burst of nature has sometimes broken unawares, it was not in *those* seasons that I was the most unhappy.—When only the pitying eye of GOD was upon me, when I sought the silent corner, and could secretly commune with my own heart, and enter into all its inclinings: then—*then*, my father, it was that the extreme of your Emma's wretchedness came over her;

L 4.

for

for she found it impossible to wean her affections from an object, one so entirely and with so good reason approved; and now so entirely, and (you will pardon me) without any solid reasons, rejected. I have not, at this period, my dearest father, collection of mind enough for much argument; but you will please to recollect that it was you who first kindled the sparks of tenderness for Henry. Besides that we were brought us together, when gentle impressions are easily admitted and unreservedly avowed, you represented him as an orphan of honour, talents, and good sense. I depend on every thing you say, and was charmed with a sentiment correspondent to my own. The affection was full grown,
and

and had expanded into blossom, ere you attempted to destroy, or even to check it. Then, *all at once*, you said you had your reasons, (which to this hour remain partly unexplained) to desire I would think no more of Henry Hammond: yet, you averred, it was not fortune or any other circumstance relating to what the world calls *a good match*, that created a change in your esteem. Want of *worth*, I am sure, it *could not* be; and yet you still persist to dissuade me from attaching myself to merit, elegance, and virtue.

I am glad this method of addressing each other by letter, though in the same house, has, by accident, been adopted. It appeared awkward at first,

first, but hath now the familiarity of a habit. It may well be said, in *my* case, "to excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart." Yet wherefore do I talk of blushing! Surely, it is not necessary. I yield not to any romantic pomps of passion. I make it not a subject, where it can be likely to create one discordant feeling. I love with simplicity and truth: and it is far beyond my power—far, even as the preservation of a solemn vow is from the breach of it, to change my object but with a change of its purity. The oaths that are taken at the altar, Sir, may *ratify* tenderness, but cannot *create* it: and amongst the sordid connections of men, it is not uncommon to be invested with the public sanction, without

out ever receiving a private assent from the understanding or the heart. I do not think the law of the land, of itself, sufficient to make a woman happy. Marriage is a very honourable, but it may be a very miserable institution: that is, it may produce misery while it confers honour. The ceremony is only the *seal* of mutual love, but the *bond* should be made before; and in point of attachment I hold myself at this moment as religiously united to Henry as if all the forms of the earth had passed my lips in confirmation. The same idea will be lodged in my bosom, whether that confirmation be remote or near. It is not intended by Heaven to be the affection of a year only. It is to last for life.

It

It is to follow its object through all perils and dangers. Its holy ardour is to burn equally bright and pure, and nothing but death is to extinguish it. Thus contracted, my father, in spirit and in truth, you will easily judge how light must be the sacrifice of my cousin's strange legacy. The *political* tenets of Mr. Hammond have nothing to do with my friendship for him. As they have carried him into a dangerous path of life, far from *me*, I so far deplore them. I chose not the *officer*, but the *man*! and though it is, alas, but too unlikely that our *personal* interests should be made *one*, yet the union of our souls is too sincere, and too strong, for five and twenty times the conditional five thousand pounds

to

to loosen or dissolve. I felt myself about to declare that not *any* earthly motive could induce me to embrace this gorgeous bribe: but I am suddenly checked, and find, upon scrutiny into this filial bosom, O my dear *dear* father, that *one* motive, and *only one* there *might* have been, which could make your Emma *the victim of money*.

Had the late convulsions of fortune remained in their full force—had it pleased God to *increase* their violence—had all that could have been raised by the aids of property and industry proved insufficient—and had those venerable hairs been *indeed* consigned to sorrow, and none but a *daughter's* dutious

teous hand to help a parent's poverty; in that dire case, my beloved father, if you have a true sense of my nature, you will guess what I should have been tempted to do. I should have accepted the conditions in the codicil, and secured to my father a resource from indigence at a time of his life when humanity is the least able to bear it. I would *not* then have "married an officer engaged in the national contest." Yet even *then*, my affection would remain, though its ultimate views would be changed.

In the private recesses of my soul, the image of Henry would still be engraved; and, although I sacrificed all
that

that was possible or necessary, to duty, it would be long, very long, ere I could withdraw that chaste and charming sentiment which gives me in all transitions, a title to esteem—ah more than esteem—to *love—him tenderly.*

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

(At New-York, Boston, or elsewhere, in the army
of General ———, in America.)

O HENRY, I can bear it no longer. Heaven knows where you may be at this moment! Heaven knows whether you exist! My alarm is extreme. I hazard the fate of a few lines. If they reach you, relate your situation, relate your disasters. Do not torture—do not kill me; but seize the first instant to quiet the terrors of my heart. You do not know what I am enduring for your dear sake! You do not know what domestic calamities have been heaped upon the anguish which seemed to
admit

admit no exaggeration! Not one moment's peace, not one moment's health, shall I know, till I hear from you.

——Hear from you! Perhaps alas, even while I write—perhaps some savage hand——

Oh Henry, Henry—to love virtuously, constantly, and entirely—to know the full *value* and the full *danger* of the beloved object—to *wish* information, yet *dread* to hear it; is it, oh is it amongst the supremest of curses or of blessings?

EMMA.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

ALTHOUGH I have a letter now tossing with the sea, and know it must be many a day upon its perturbed bosom ere it gets to hand; yet I again have taken up the pen, with increase of terror, and, if it were possible, of tendernefs. I am ill, and they will not suffer me to quit my chamber. They want to deny me the use of the only instruments which can even have a chance of conveying to you the state of my heart. They tell me it is dangerous. How I despise their pedantry! I want not to be taught the *theory* of patience; I have *practised* it long. But horrors,

too great for patience itself, at length invade me! Oh, by the agony which you cause, and by all the dreadful nights and days that you make me suffer, *respect my misfortunes!* Relieve, recompense, and redress them. One page, one line, one sentence, will suffice. Say but that all is well—say that you breathe, and I will be again composed. Oh, Mr. Hammond, wheresoever you are, or whatever has befallen you, if there has been a possibility of sending to me, you *should* (in pity to the condition of my mind) you *ought* to have remembered me. Unless—which Heaven avert!—ah I will not suffer myself to rest a moment on such a horrid thought—and yet this suspense—this agonizing suspense

presents nothing but images the most dire. Tell me explicitly, fully, circumstantially. I conjure, I *insist* that you let me know every thing without disguise, without delay. Alas! how I write on—how I rave. But I will be very calm; indeed I will. I will endeavour to fit my mind for every stroke but——

——Oh Hammond, Hammond,
what a wretch have you made of

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

Congratulate me, oh Louisa! congratulate yourself—congratulate humanity; for one of its chief ornaments yet *lives*. I exist. I breathe. I recover. Henry is well. Behold the inclosed. Sanctify it with a sister's kiss, but oh, erase not those which Emma has impressed on every line. It is dated at sea; but the intelligence cheers me. I trust in Providence, and am most happy. Receive my treasure, but keep it not beyond the returning of the post. So long I part from this dear associate of my pillow, in love to thee, thou sister of Henry. I cannot sleep while it is out

of my possession. It is an instance of my friendship which surpasses all common bounds. My fever abates: my pulses resume a wholesome measure. Hope is busy in every vein. I can bear the visitation of the sun-beam, and will now retire to rest, softly supplicating that Power which alone can relieve me, to continue the bounty he has begun.

Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO EMMA CORBETT.*

A T length, my beloved friend, an opportunity presents itself. I had prepared a large pacquet against this dear chance, but it was filled with gloom, despondence, and images of severe distress. *Better prospects* appear; and I have buried my ill news in the ocean. We are joined by ships which are freighted with large and liberal offers of *conciliation*. They are formed, methinks, to suit the ambitious and grasping spirit even of an American, and they must, I think, be accepted. Once more regulated by maternal laws, the wayward child shall

* The inclosure from Mr. Hammond.

shall again prosper. The treasures of either hemisphere shall again be shared. The arms of a great nation shall no longer be employed to annoy but to defend. Our refractory fellow-subjects shall soften into their former sentiments. I am now, Emma, within sight of the land; Reconciliation is expanding her angel plumes before us, and my presence will, I trust, be no further necessary, than as it will give me an opportunity to *witness* the joy when a truant child is restored to the protection of an offended parent. Great-Britain, all insulted as she is, ineffective as have been her affectionate advances, and scorned as have been her professed kindness, shall receive with transport her America.

The

The temporary estrangement shall only serve, like the quarrel of friends, to brighten the bonds of future amity.

O PEACE, thou image of Divinity itself!—descend, oh descend upon *that earth* from whence the mistakes of altercating relations have so long affrighted thee! Melt the hearts of contending countrymen, and shape every jarring interest they maintain till all confess thy celestial sway.—Subdue, gentlest power! the fierce soul of ambition, soften the sinews of authority, and let the countenance of offended Majesty share the tenderness of a father—ah! come, I implore thee, and come without delay! Let not
Henry

Henry fight against the cause for which Edward fell ! Let there be no longer cause to fight. Expand thy snowy wing over the same people—replace brother in the embraces of brother, and friend in the foldings of friend. Let a soldier in *this* instance supplicate thee to sheathe the sword. Reserve his arm for the *natural* enemies of his country, and make it not a duty to go forth against a *civil* foe. I address thee, O loveliest, O divine spirit of peace, in the name of all the dear and delicate affections—affections which make up thy enchanting train. I call upon thee in the names of nature, reason, humanity, and good faith—in the names of father, child, and all connections that are most precious,—

cious.—I call in the names of Emma and Louisa. My invocation can ascend no higher, nor can——

——Hah—soft, soft, my Emma—methinks the invocation is heard. The courted Deity descends in all the benignity of her brightness. She is surrounded with sunbeams softened by tender fleecings of sky which form her chariot. The eternal olive mixes in the ray which waves over the turrets of the western world. War is disarmed. The horrid parent of fetters is *himself* in chains. He sullenly yields his giant limbs. He is bound as a prisoner, and the victory is given to nature and to peace!

——Oh

—Oh what a lucid throng comes forward as incident to the conquest. The Arts revive. The Muses confess the triumph of the Affections with a song. Vegetation, though lately trampled down, springs up and freshens under the feet of Industry and Repose, who both assist the general restoration of their flowery realms. The sacred power of *Friendship* regains his station in the human mind. The tender power of *Love* re-ascends his throne, and stretches his roseate sceptre over the human heart. The trembling maids—the *Emmas* which embellish the earth, receive their returning heroes without a wound!

Our

Our sails are thrown back, my beloved Emma. The surface of the *sea* at this moment is emblematic of peace. The Captain of our vessel is preparing papers for England, to be taken by the ship which is gently floating along-side of us. She is going from the General with dispatches; probably of a pleasing nature. All seems full of promise—and oh, what sweet and affecting pleasure it affords me, while I am writing this! (the barks of fair proposal making the best of their way before me.) I anticipate the transport with which my tidings will be received—and imagine the effect they will have on the exactest form, and most touching features, my eyes ever beheld. I see, methinks,
the

the soft tear of genuine joy course along the cheek, or bathing the crystal that covers my portrait—the invisible sigh steals through its vermeil passages—the rosy gates of life and love are opened to welcome the news, and balmily breathe over it a tender aspiration.

Adieu! Adieu! the pacquets are ready. I am in hope: I am in Heaven.

Adieu!

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

A Fortunate change has happened, Frederick, in this family, since my last. Emma is all rapture and all health. She has heard from Henry Hammond, and the effect of this intelligence *writes triumphant love* upon every feature. Her languor is gone. Her tears stream from *happiness* only. She sighs with bliss.

Upon my entering the room about an hour ago, she caught hold of my hand, and, as I was about feeling her pulse, exclaimed—"O, Sir Robert, the panacea is arrived. I am well. I am happy."

By

By my soul, Frederick, her joy and her sorrow are alike amiable; and though both are to me as adverse winds, yet the more she distresses me, the more I love her.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND,

LETTER

LETTER XCI.]

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

O Good God! who shall presume to fathom the depths of human misery, when it is thy will to exercise the chastening rod? The felicity so lately brought me was as the lightning before the storm, and only announced its approach. The thunderbolt has at length fallen to crush the most unfortunate

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER XCII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

*I*s *he then dead?* is *he* too numbered with the slain? and hath the noble youth so *soon* followed the lovely Edward? Alas! I suspected this, even while your letter of fairer information lay before me. In vain expectance of finding something that relates to the fate of my husband, even against the convictions I have of his death, I fondly examine every paper and public print relating to the war, that falls in my way. In the Gazette of last night I perceive there has been an engagement, and I read with streaming eyes an account of the wounded and the slain. Yet, are you *sure* of
your

your intelligence? I hope it is, in part, ill-founded; for I perceive not the name of Hammond in either list. An Ensign *Haddock*, and a Captain *Hammerson*, are mentioned amongst the *wounded*; but these do not approach very near even in sound. I will enquire farther immediately; mean time hope—hope every thing, dearest friend. My brother!—oh no—
—I will not have it so.

LOUISA CORBETT.

L E T T E R X C I I I .

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

THE *Gazette!* *slain!* *wounded!*—
Oh, I had no conception to what an extreme of misery I was reserved! You have mistaken me; but of what dire information has that mistake been productive? There *has* then been an engagement! You have seen the bloody list. It must have been *purposely* concealed from me. The skirmish, you say, was sudden. You read of a Captain *Hammerfon*. In the hurry of war it is easy to drop one syllable, or to add another. These conflicts are too great.

The

EMMA CORBETT.

183

The inclosed will shew you that the wounds of Henry need not have been subjoined to the violence of a parent blinded by the rage of hydra *party*!

The *wounds* of Henry, did I say—
O hold—hold my heart; I cannot
bear it—indeed I cannot.

Adieu! I will think upon a remedy.

Adieu!

EMMA,

N 3

LETTER.

LETTER XCIV.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

EMMA, be yourself. You *must* make one generous effort. I see you languishing under my eye and cannot bear it. Thrice have I seen you in the sick chamber within a few weeks. It is easy to perceive that your whole soul is pining after Henry—the *perfidious* Henry; with whom your union *must never be* while you think proper to own a *father*, and accept his *protection*. I tell thee, Emma, that were he this moment *returned*, and returned with what degenerate Britons *now* call *glory*—nay, could he lay the conquest of the plundered colonies at *thy feet*, there exists a reason
which

which would make it vile—yes, mark the strength of the term—VILE, in *Emma Corbett* to accept it. But I see nothing less than the entire explanation of the fact will convince thee. To crush, therefore, every lingering hope at once, know, thou dear infatuated, thy father still leans his very soul on the welfare of America. Those fortunes which have been destroyed, those debts which have impoverished me, as well as those ample streams of commerce which rolled unobstructed from shore to shore, were all dedicated to injured America. For *her* thy brother's blood was shed, and had I yet more sons, more fortunes, and more resources, they should all be at the service of that violated country.

She is injured—she is aggrieved, my daughter. Her oppressions are at my heart. The strings that fix it to my bosom are trembling for her. She glows with a generous love of freedom. She has been condemned without a hearing. She was stabbed into resistance. The sword was held to her throat ere she thought of self-defence. Conflagration, famine, and parricide, have entered her late peaceful habitations. The common bounties of Providence have been denied her. The blood of citizens, of brothers, and of friends, are flowing in rivers through her streets.

I have not, Emma, been one of those who hawk about my principles,
and

and saunter in babbling ignorance from coffee-house to coffee-house. I am *fixed* in *my* politicks, and think my steady adherence to them a part of my *religion*. Since we are cruelly taught to make a sanguinary mark of distinction between an Englishman and an American, I own myself the latter, and deplore the infirmities that prevent me from rushing to the field. My child, my child, I know the ruinous rapacity, the murder, the VIL-
LAINY of this unnatural war. I enter deeply, and pathetically, into every wrong which America sustains. It is the only point wherein I am enthusiastic, and it is the only point where enthusiasm is great and glorious! Do not imagine, rash girl!——monstrous thought!

thought!—do not DARE to imagine, ungrateful Henry shall ever receive the hand of Emma. Spare me, beloved daughter, in this one part—this fore, this tender part—and in every *other*, command your father! You owe me this submission, you owe me this FAVOUR, this *indulgence*. I would have preserved your Hammond, and opposed his entering into this wicked employment, but it was impossible. High of heart, he scorned to be even *tenderly* controuled. I endeavoured to win him generously over to an honourable cause. He called it insult, bribery, baseness. The military distraction was throbbing in every vein. When I argued, he justified every measure of ministry. *Great-Britain,*
he

he said, was grossly abused—her lenity scorned—her laws defied—her sublime prerogative contemptuously set at nought. He spoke loud and vehement of American *rebellion*. The honour of the empire, he said, now depended on the exertion of each individual, and it was the duty of every young man (whom every tie of interest, every bond of loyalty, and every principle of policy called upon) to manifest his zeal, his courage, and his attachment. He went on, my child, in all the foaming folly of youth, declaring, that he should account himself base, were he to deny the *contribution* of his arm. The greater his love for *Emma*, the nobler his *sacrifice*, he said. He was determined: he had made up his

his mind: and was resolved to defend his country or gloriously perish in her ruins. I pitied his delirium, yet venerated his ardour. Well directed, of what was it not susceptible! He was above admonition, and kept erring on. In true tenderness to thee, my Emma, I forgot the dignity of age, and even stooped to intercede. After all my letters to him were in vain, I privately sought a personal interview, but his boiling spirit took fire. I reluctantly withdrew, and gave up the point.

Oh America, thou bleeding innocent, how art thou laden with oppressions! Oh my child, my child! Nature, Religion, and Religion's *God*,
are

are on her side; and will you take to your arms, and to your embraces, a youth who propensely *violates* these? —a cruel youth, whose reeking blade may at this moment smoke with kindred gore! Tyranny hath not a reserve of barbarity in store. She is exhausted. Your Henry is a *volunteer* amongst those who, as an acquisition to the British army, have added the tomahawk, the hatchet, and the scalping-knife. And will the tender-hearted Emma continue to love such a barbarian? Away, away, it will not bear a thought! Banish, obliterate, *detest* him. He is in open rebellion against the *laws of nature*. Let your affections flow into a fairer channel—
ah,

ah, suffer a parent's hand to conduct them. He has a *friend* in reserve, my dear—*such* a friend——

But tell me that you have *resumed yourself*. Tell me that you are *indeed* my daughter.

Adieu!

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

L E T T E R XCV.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

I WILL withdraw my foolish self from this *ill-starred attempt*. Go down to Castleberry, and I will meet you there without delay.

The perplexity of interests in this family, where each part opposes the other, and where still greater entanglement is promised, are really too great for *me* who have made a sudden transition from quietness to agitation.

You cannot reprobate my weakness in a keener style of censure than I myself do. Oh, I know full well the unfitness of such storms to the sober season

season of my life. I conceal the cause from all but you, and your reproof shews me, how little mercy I might expect were that cause imparted to less generous hearts.

The matter grows too interesting. A certain darling passion, which scarce confines Corbett on this side phrenzy, and the avowed pre-engagements of Emma, which are more than barriers of iron against me, unite to convince me of the necessity of retreat. *Expect* me, therefore; and when we are together, prepare yourself with subject of conversation, which, indeed, may take any turn but that of my *infirmity*: all men, who are *conscious* they possess any, proscribe this. In happiness and
in

in misery, Frederick, we have a few grains of self-love; and, while all its proud associates croud about us, we suffer no theme to be discussed that can humiliate us to ourselves.

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

L E T T E R XCVI.

TO THE SAME.

STOP, stop, dear friend. Visit not Castleberry yet. I have twice attempted to take leave, and twice failed—twice packed, and twice unpacked my portmanteau—twice ordered my servant to get horses, and twice pretended to be weatherwise, and, as an excuse for *changing my mind*, have prophesied a *change of atmosphere*. In the noon-tide brightness of the sun I have predicted storms and hurricanes! and it is in vain the fellow casts his eye to the heavens, and declares that the weather is fixed. It is his master, alas! and not the air, which is unsettled.

A little

A little delay can make no difference. Indulge me. Humour me.

Within a post or two I will decide, and decide too as you and as *common sense* demand of me.

Farewell!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

L E T T E R XCVII.

TO THE SAME.

I COME, my dear Frederick; I come. The Confusion of the Corbetts—the absurd yet afflicting emotions of my own heart—the—the—the—In short—I set out to-morrow.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I HAVE a suspicion that Mr. Hammond is wounded; let that circumstance, oh my father, account to you for the horrors of mind which have for some days locked up every power of hand and of voice. The former faculty is in some measure restored, so far at least, as tremblingly to trace upon paper something like an answer to your affecting favour; every syllable of which is as an envenomed arrow, fixing in my bosom. Your determined objection then to poor Henry is at last accounted for! I thought the sanguine track of party was washed wholly from a father's

heart by the blood of my brother. Shall political prejudices interrupt the finest affections of humanity? Horrid is the aspect of battle, view it on either side. It cannot shift to an attitude, nor take *one position*, to soften its terrors upon the reflecting *mind*. To THAT it is uniformly odious; nor is it at all amended by considering, that as it began soon after the *creation*, it will scarcely end till the destruction of the world. It has, even within the narrow precincts of *our* family, divided the son from the father, and the lover from his mistress; let it not be rendered *more* dire by setting the interest of the daughter against that of her most honour'd parent, since *that* would be to encourage the madness of mortals,

tals, and the civil pestilence, that, in the form of a *family-war*, is gone forth against us. It would violate the gentle law of nature, and tear down those conciliating ties which fasten *kindred* in one vast chain of connexion, ample as earth, and beautiful as heaven. You have painted your own patriotism and that of Henry, sir, with equal vigour of language; at least, you have said enough either way to prove that *both* fancy the *cause adopted* is the cause of rectitude and glory. When one side attacks, the other must naturally defend; on which account, while the spirit of contention remains, some will vehemently censure the very measures which some as vehemently applaud. But, in avowing your own

O 4. enthusiasm,

enthusiasm, my dear father, do you not, in effect, justify that of Henry? You both seem to hug to your bosoms a political Cleopatra, for whose sake you are willing to gain or to lose a world. England is to Henry what America is to you. Each insists that he is espousing the cause of an injured friend: and while this is the case, how can it be expected that *either* should yield? In fact, would not such a concession, according to the prescriptions of *honour*, in this world's acceptance of the word, be accounted base? You have, you say, attempted to direct the sword of Henry on the better side of the dispute. *Which is* that better side? Henry declares for Britain; you for America. What third person shall decide

decide between you? The feeble voice of a woman will neither be heard or admitted. Else, might she venture to assert that your countrymen are bleeding abroad, while the point of right and wrong is adjusting at home. This, however, is clear, my dear father, from your own premises: if Henry thought himself insulted by the proposal of changing his side, *you* would have been no less stung, had a similar proposition come from *him* to *you*. And this proves, that both are acting on what is called patriotic principle. What right reason then has the one to be displeased with the other? Yet upon this displeasure on your part, you urge me to withdraw my vows. Are then virtuous resolutions

tions so to be withdrawn, my father ? When affection is fashioned by the feelings, and long cherished in a soul which neither projects nor practises any ill, whose every thought is submitted to the holy criticism of Heaven, nor ever dreads the scrutiny—is it, under these circumstances, of a texture so convenient, as to shift from side to side with every gale of opinion ? Wherefore, let me once again tenderly enquire, wherefore did you originally inspire me with a veneration for sober reason ? why infuse in me a steady and generous way of thinking ? Was it designed for ornament or for use ? If not intended as the *governing rule of conduct*, thro' every maze of this mortal pilgrimage,

oh

oh wherefore did you not at *first*, even in the nursery, while every power was impressive and would have taken the form you chose to give it—wherefore *then* did you not lead me into the path that I was to tread without stop or turning? Alas! you have given me fixed principles, acknowledged they were good, saw them with joy take root in my heart, and now you expect in their fullest growth, and finest foliage, that they should suddenly perish. But the habits of my youth are grown so strong, that I feel it is too late for me to deal in disguises. I will not now begin an artificial character. Oh! suffer me to implore you, sir, to continue my attachment to Truth and Nature. I know nothing of State wrangles,

• wrangles, or Congress quarrels. I mix not with the infuriate errors of party. I only act up to those simple principles of moral life, which assure me that constancy in favour of a *known valuable object* (not obstinate predilection to a *bad one*) is the basis on which the superstructure of all that is noble, just, and good, must be raised. My wisdom is extremely limited. It stretches not into those maxims which desolate the earth for a vapour of victory, nor does it presume to penetrate the scheme of government. All it *does* pretend to, belongs to that small and dear system in which every woman ought to be instructed; namely, that a *well-fixed tenderness* should never be removed, that it should brave the storms
of

of fortune and distress, that while life remains it should be the animating *purpose* of life to *cultivate* it, and that death, and death *only*, should dissolve the bonds which virtue had made. If my beloved father would for one moment lay the clamorous contentions of a bickering species aside, and submit to be charmed by that dispassionate power which decides calmly of truth and falsehood, he would be convinced of this. I am sure he would: for his nature is gentle and his heart is soft. Ah think what a task it is for your soul-sick Emma to be under the necessity of using these pleadings at *such a time!* Come to her bed-side—perhaps the cause of *our* disputes may now————

Oh

Oh for pity my father, hasten to
me—aid me in this dreadful conflict
—rescue me from myself—wipe away
the bitterest tear that anguish ever
drew from the heart of a daughter,
and recover me, ere it be yet too late,
from the arms of death.

EMMA.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



